



ZION'S HERALD.

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GENERAL AGENTS.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

ON FORTITUDE.—No. 3.

"To him that overcometh, will I grant to sit with me on my throne."

The world is a scene of discipline and suffering, and he who fears to meet its duties and its dangers, is unworthy of that future reward which is only to be obtained by "patient endurance." A just estimate of the good and evil of life and the value of life itself, is of great importance in acquiring habits of constancy and fortitude. It is generally the case with mankind that they overrate the advantages of fortune—superiority of rank—the glitter of gold—and apparent ease and solace of others. Misguided by false opinions, they often behold these things as their ultimate good; cling to them with the fondest attachment, unwilling to forfeit any hope of present or future advancement—or to incur discredit with the world, or to be lowered one step from the eminence on which they now stand—or the station they may possess. In this situation how many weights hang upon the mind, depressing its courage, and urging it, on many occasions, to bend to servile and dishonorable compliances. But let me ask, what true fortitude does that man possess—who, when he is tempted by the world, the flesh, or the devil, considers loss of rank, or fortune, to be the chief evil of life or the heaviest afflictions man is called to suffer? Possess these in the scale of true honor, conscious virtue, the esteem of the truly pious—and the favor of your Father in heaven; with peace and serenity of mind, and a hope of everlasting life and eternal happiness beyond the grave, and then let me ask, whether these minor dreaded evils are of sufficient weight to counterbalance the latter, or to intimidate you from pursuing the path of duty? If you would form a true estimate of human life and human things, you must look beyond external appearances; and never suffer yourself to be imposed upon by the gilded varnish which floats upon the surface of the world, merely to dazzle the inconsiderate and vulgar. Look abroad into the world, and reflect how many are contented and happy without those advantages of fortune, on which too many set so high a value. Would you be likely to be happy with them—in exchange, you forfeit all that is truly estimable in the world?

But let us carry the case still farther, and consider it in its darkest point of view. Suppose not merely your fortune, but your safety to be endangered—and your life exposed, by adhering to counsel, and religious truth. And where duty calls would you expose yourself to no danger? How long, at the extent, can that life be prolonged, which you are so anxious to preserve? But a few years—and even these may be full of woe. He who fears to risk death, when conscience requires him to face it, surely displays not the full character of a Christian. The sentiment of Paul, in times of old, is, "I count not my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy." To this "finishing his course," and to his "latter end," every man, and especially every Christian, should direct his eye; and appreciate life according to the value it will be found to possess, at its close. For this is the solemn period in the life of man, which brings all things to the test. Here shines forth the real character, and the true estimate of human happiness is fairly formed. In a former number I alluded to the magnanimity of mind and behavior exhibited by the apostle Paul, when persecution and distress were in view before him. Hear now the language of this same great man, when his last sufferings approached—"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

"Happy soul, thy days are ended—
All thy morning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go!" W. B. M.

Augusta, April 17, 1827.

THE GATHERER.

A Christian is one who is snatched as a brand from the burning; the flames of hell are quenched in the Redeemer's blood, he is grafted into the living vine because it lives, he lives also; and deriving from union, strength, and nourishment continually. It becomes a fruitful bough by the wells of salvation, its branches, thick with rich clusters of good fruits, live over and adorn the walls of God's house.

Curious Historical Fact.—During the trouble of the reign of Charles I., a country girl came to London, in search of a place as a servant maid; but succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from brew-houses; and was one of those called "tub-beries." The brewer observing a good-looking girl in this occupation, took her into his family as a servant, after a short time, married her; but he died before she was a very young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of the brewery was sold; and to the young woman was recommended Hyde, as a skilful lawyer, to arrange her husband's affairs—Hyde, who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her—of this marriage there was no issue than a daughter; who was afterwards the wife of James 2d, and mother of Mary and Anne, of England.

ECCLESIASTICAL BODIES.

"The stated meetings of ecclesiastical bodies are to be more strictly religious. Meetings of our Synods, of our Presbyteries, of our Synods, and even of our general Assembly, are mere meetings of business; this business is too often done in the spirit of the world. Our pious people are uninterested, or grieved to the ambitious and litigious spirit which too often prevails. Were He, in whose name we act, to descend again, and appear in person, and witness our proceedings, could we expect His approbation? Were time spent in prayer and other religious exercises, business would be as soon done, and better done, as we should return with a conscience more void of fence toward God and toward man." Philadelphia.

FROM PHILLIS WHEATLY'S POEMS.

"Twasmery brought me from my pagan land,
Taught my benighted soul to understand,
That there is a God; and there is a Saviour too—
Once I redemption neither sought nor knew."
"Some view our sable race with scornful eye,
Their color is a diabolic die;
Remember Christians! negroes black as Cain,
May be refined, and join the angelic train."

father, which no one can counterfeit, is annexed to it. In this communication, the father presents a number of encouraging proposals to his lost son. He bequeaths him a valuable legacy, which he suspends on certain conditions, kindly placed within his power, and which, when performed, are to be considered attestations of affectionate submission to his father.

Is it not reasonable to suppose, that this son would be transported on receiving such information from his father? And being satisfied, by various and abundant evidence, that this communication is no forgery, but a genuine production of his father's, he would, doubtless, give full credit to its important contents. If some things appeared too great to be true, and others too hard to be performed, yet, believing it to be the will and testament of his father, his doubts would be solved, and he would be determined to visit, obey, and please him. With these evidences before him, you would hardly calculate to hear him say, "If I were satisfied it is the will of my father, I should do what he requires, I would certainly comply;" for the proofs attending his father's communication, put the thing beyond reasonable doubt. Much less do you suspect he will say, "If I were satisfied it is my duty to attend to these requirements, I would certainly perform them;" for he does not hesitate, that it is his duty to obey his father. Possessing every reasonable testimony, that this is the will of his father communicated to him; would it not be singular indeed, should he desire some remarkable impression to satisfy him on this point? This would be to doubt the genuineness of the communication, with the strongest evidences of its authenticity before his eyes. And should he even request his father, in some other way, to afford him more convincing proof, that it is his duty to perform those requirements, he would be no more satisfied than before. For should the father so gratify his incredulous son, as to make a communication in a different form, still there must be substantially the same hand-writing, style, and signature; or should these be lacking, the communication would be less satisfactory than the former. The communication being thus doubted, or rejected, though attended with overwhelming proof of its genuineness, it is morally certain, that no after testimony in any form would be likely to produce conviction, or yield satisfaction to the mind. "If we hear not Moses and the prophets, neither should we be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

Suppose all the circumstances be known to the world; should the son decline complying with his father's injunction, would there not be reason to suspect, either that he was a disobedient child, or that the father was not worthy of his regard? In either case, the son is likely to fare, in case he should persist in neglecting his father's request? It would be natural to suppose that, after a few efforts on the father's part, to induce a compliance in the son, finding that nothing can prevail on him, he would decline any further correspondence; and the consequence would be, the son must be miserable through his own neglect.

How easy and natural are the foregoing remarks, when applied to our spiritual concerns? We are lost creatures. Nor is it in the province of unassisted reason to conduct us back to God. Having a perfect knowledge of our condition and circumstances, God has condescended to make a revelation of his will to man, bearing every desirable proof of its divinity; so that we are satisfied it is no human fabrication. In this revelation he wills us a glorious inheritance, to be enjoyed on certain conditions which he has clearly stated. Among other duties, he has enjoined on all who believe, to be baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus, which is as clearly stated as any other duty. And yet, regardless of this, there are those who say, "If I had an impression, that it is my duty to be baptized, I would no longer neglect it." And why may not an open sinner say, "If I had an impression, it is my duty to repent, I would?" The duty is as clear in one case as the other. Not to attend to this part of our Father's injunction, is to express a doubt respecting the divine authenticity of God's word, or betrays a disposition to select those portions which best comport with our present views and feelings, while we discard the rest. And what is this, but to be governed by the Lord's rule so far as suits our convenience, and no farther? But the way to secure enjoyment of mind on right principles, is to comply with the conditions, perform every duty, as the Lord prescribes, and not as we seem to feel. After God has clearly stated the duty of every believer, in his word, let none be waiting for impressions more precisely to determine the point. The Bible should be regarded as a rule paramount to any other, in every thing which respects our duty to God, our neighbor, and ourselves. To neglect the ordinances of God, is not only disobeying our Redeemer, but setting a bad example to others, and making an erroneous impression on their minds. What inference will they be likely to draw from such neglect? Will they not say, "It is unnecessary to make a public profession of faith in Christ; the ordinances are nothing; we can be good Christians without being in church fellowship." May no child of God, by neglect of duty, much less by unchristian conduct, turn any out of the way of life.

A FRIEND TO GOSPEL ORDER.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

SANCTIFICATION.

I have often felt an impulse of duty on my mind to make known to my brethren in the Lord the goodness of God to me through the same medium as He has in his all-wise providence seen fit to bless greatly to the sanctification of my soul. At the time I subscribed for Zion's Herald I was totally ignorant of the doctrine of sanctification; but the "Essays on Holiness," which were published soon after excited my attention, and I drew the rational conclusion that if it was the privilege of one, it was equally so of all. I came to a resolution, with the help of God, to seek the same. In secret prayer and family devotion, even when asking a blessing at the table, I made it a rule to ask for the sanctification of my soul. Thanks be to God, in a short time my prayer was answered, and glory be given to his holy name, I found the blessing greater than I ever anticipated. If I felt competent I would here relate many of its advantages, but must leave that to some able pen.

The mode that the Lord in his goodness took to convey the blessing was more singular than the one used in awakening me to the want and need of the same. While retired to rest, as usual, in my sleep I beheld before me a bright light, more brilliant than gold, about the size of a dollar and shaped like a heart, which continued to expand and decrease alternately. This was plainly interpreted to me that so Christians might do as they were faithful in the service of God; that it was their privilege to grow in grace—expand their hearts and minds in the ways and knowledge of God in the manner this heart expanded, and if unfaithful they would decrease and be on the decline; their Christian graces would be less and less; and, at last, taken from them even that which they seemed to have. At the same time I had such views of the goodness of God that my very soul seemed to wing its way to mansions in the skies. It appeared as though many were around me whom I was exhorting to be prepared to meet me

in heaven, for it seemed as if I was bound thither. Soon this bright light changed from the shape of a heart to that of a lion, which represented to me that the righteous might, in the strength of the Lord, be as bold as a lion.

It is beyond the power of man to express the views I had represented to me in the light above described. The rapture of joy that I felt awoke me. I then reflected on the past and considered it a dream; but why this continuation of joy—this peace of mind which is far better felt than described? Impressions were forced on my mind that the Lord in his goodness had answered my prayer. This peace and joy continued with strong impressions on my mind that I ought to make known to my Christian friends what the Lord had done for me. These impressions were resisted for fear that I was deceived. I continued for a week to enjoy the immediate presence of the Lord, when, alas, the Lord brought me to see what I had done; in a moment, as it were, I was left to myself, without the presence of the Lord, with a cold heart and a sorrowful one, to reflect that I had received, to declare to the world what the Lord had done for me and had doubted his goodness and willingness to bless me even unto sanctification. I groaned, I sighed, I prayed for several days without a gleam of comfort; but, glory be to God, who hears and answers prayer, who can change, in the twinkling of an eye, a stony heart into one of love and joy! As I rose, one blessed morning, from family prayer with a cold heart, I took again my Bible in my hands, ardently in hopes that yet there might be some consolation there for me. I opened and cast my eyes on the 17th verse of the 54th chapter of Isaiah, and immediately my peace returned, and every word there recorded to the end of the chapter was realized as a promise to me and my children. My evidences were now so brightened that I could without fear declare what the Lord had done for my soul, and I can truly say that I have now only to ask and receive. Before I embraced the hope of sanctification, I thought I knew something about the enjoyment of religion; but I find I was a child to what I am now, and am but one word to what it is my privilege to be. I now draw to a close with a sincere prayer that the Lord may incline the heart of every Christian to seek entire sanctification, as it so completely fits them to live, prepares them to die, and to say, "Lord, thy will be done." J. N. R. Troy, Missouri, April 24, 1827.

MISCELLANY.

LETTER V.—[CONCLUDED.]

TO THE REV. THOMAS WHITTEMORE.

Hitherto we have been showing that Universalism does not make those who believe it better; let us now inquire whether it does not make them worse. This might safely be inferred from what has now been said, were we ignorant of the actual effects it has produced. At least a part of those who have embraced it. Such is the nature of depraved man, and such the strength of his appetites and passions, that he needs all the restraints of religion, the barriers thrown in the way of the transgressor, as well as the motives to piety and obedience contained in the gospel. And what shall we say of that system of doctrines, claiming Christ for its author, which entirely removes from a race of depraved beings the restraints of the gospel, or lets them down to the convenience of the most licentious among them?

I am not singular in my belief of the direct evil tendency of your doctrine. Many Universalists entertain the same views of it. What would Origen, the first Universalist, who flourished in the second century, have said of the tendency of your doctrine; and the practice of preaching it to all classes of men? He believed in the future restoration of all men to the favor of God. Yet he believed this doctrine, though far less exceptionable than yours, was not safe for any but Christians, and not for all these, but only such as were perfect. And bishop Burnet, who wrote a book to prove a restoration from future punishment, wrote in Latin that none but the learned might read it; and said if "any one should translate what he had thus written, he should think it done with a sinister motive and bad intent." And if we may judge from the manner in which he sometimes preached upon the subject of future punishment, we may conclude that Mr. Winchester would have reprobated the present modish doctrine of Universalism. Nay, it is said that a considerable part of those who, from motives of policy and prudence, pass for believers and preachers of this doctrine, do not in reality believe it, but are in sentiment with the *Winchesterians*. If this be so, it might well suggest the query whether Universalism, even in its mildest form, has a strong tendency to rectify the moral faculty?

But when I say that this doctrine has a tendency to make mankind worse, I do not mean that it will make all its votaries vicious. Many believers in it are moral men and hold a respectable standing in society. But has Universalism done this? If this could be proved, it would not follow that it has made any Christians. But there is much more reason to believe that education, public opinion, desire of esteem, and constitutional bias have done more to Universalism to make men moral. But to prove its salutary tendency you should be able to point, not only to the moral man, but to the debauchee, the drunkard, the sabbath breaker and the profane person, and say, these have been recovered out of the snare of the devil, and brought into the way of righteousness by this doctrine.

It is a fact supported by a cloud of witnesses, that your doctrine banishes all serious concern from the minds of those who embrace it. I will speak of what I know. I have known very many to have been brought under serious concern for their souls by other means, who, as soon as they began to relish it, *Jesh* pleasing doctrine of Universalism, began to lose their concern; and by the time they became believers in it, lost all concern about their future state, gave over praying and searching the scriptures (except so far as to become of grace)—and in how many families are its fatal effects to be seen! Where serious godliness was once an object; where religious instruction and affectionate exhortation were given for this purpose; and where prayers were offered, this unholy doctrine, like a besom of destruction, has swept the whole aside, and marred or spoiled their character and tendency. But in many more instances has it prevented the introduction of the worship of God and serious godliness into families.

But it is generally in the youth that its effects are the most visible and lamentable. These in many instances are caught as in a snare. Their judgments are weak, their passions strong, and this doctrine acting on the side of inclination, they swallow it down as the silly fish does the baited hook. The consequence is that they are proof against arguments and conviction. You might as easily pierce the scales of the *lethargian* as reach their conscience. In not a few instances they affect to pity the weakness and superstition of him who would instruct them in the way of salvation, or manifest a deep rooted prejudice and bitterness against him who labors for their good. In some instances, where they practise the rules of politeness

and civility on other occasions, they lose the government of themselves and become insolent, as soon as they are spoken to upon the subject of religion: as though nothing was so abhorrent to their feelings as that which concerns them most. But most of all are the effects of this doctrine to be lamented in those, whether old or young, who are addicted to *obscenity, profanity and intemperance*. These are generally wiser in their own conceit than "seven men who can render a reason," admonition is lost upon them. "There is more hope of a fool" than of such.

This doctrine, with the general method of supporting it, has a strong tendency to infidelity or *Deism*. This is what I wish not to say, but I am compelled by the evidence before me. I rest not this assertion on the ground that Deism and modern Universalism approximate each other in many of their essential points; but on the fact that it induces a contempt of gospel admonition and practical piety, as well as awful irreverence for the authority of the Scriptures. I will here give one or two instances which may serve as specimens of the effects of this doctrine, especially upon the youth. A clergyman in the town of P., in the course of his pastoral visits, called on a member of his church, where, after some conversation with the lady of the house, he addressed his discourse to a young woman who belonged to the family. He found her disposed to make light of the subject of religion. The first mentioned lady then informed him, in presence of the other, that in going two or three sabbaths to the Universalist meeting, she had thrown the Bible aside as not worthy of belief. The clergyman addressing himself to the young lady, expressed his surprise that she should so suddenly, and upon so slight grounds have given up the Bible. She replied, "that it was full of contradictions, and not, therefore, to be believed." Nor could he make the least impression upon her mind in favor of the Scriptures. The same clergyman informs that in the same town, at a time when Universalism was making a considerable excitement, a number of young men, eight or ten, were together smoking cigars and drinking freely, and were all making themselves very merry with the old fashioned doctrine of conversion or a change of heart; when a serious person going in, and perceiving the subject of their unholiness, reproved them, and got in return—"Do you believe in a change of heart?" I do, said the person, believe it necessary for all. "Then you are a d—d fool," was the reply. The reader need not be informed that a roar of laughter, and kicking the floor with their heels, ensued upon this glorious achievement!

This tendency of Universalism may be the result, in part, of the methods usually employed in defending it, and of opposing other doctrines. What better could be expected to follow from the methods employed to disprove the doctrines of future judgment, future everlasting punishment, &c. These doctrines are expressed in the clearest and strongest language, and supported by the soundest arguments in the world. When the mind is unbiassed and turned from them it wanders till it loses itself in the mazes of error and uncertainty. When you have denied future judgment, as a doctrine of the gospel, it is impossible for you to say that the judgment of the wicked shall be; because the figurative application of this term to many things can give you no certainty. The same is to be said of those terms which express the duration of future punishment. You deny the literal meaning of those terms; and of course they may be used for two thousand years, or an age, or three days, or no time at all. Thus you drive the mind from its resting point, and fix it in no where till it lights on Deism. When a man of ingenuity undertakes this labor, and ends with *apathy* to his aid, he can make his own side appear plausible, however erroneous, and by throwing fanciful robes around truth and righteousness, bring them into discredit. This Deism has been propagated, and thus has Universalism been propagated and defended. But while arguments and illustrations "swarm around my pen," I am reminded that I have but two pages of the Magazine, and my paper is almost full.

I had intended to notice in this essay, what has been observed by many, the temptation which this doctrine presents to the unfortunate and wretched to commit suicide. It gives me no pleasure to mention this, as I know it will give offence to the friends of the doctrine. I feel the obligation of duty to bring it into view. But I will not urge the well known case of the *Purinton* massacre and suicide; but would refer to the more recent instances, and attempts at this most awful crime. The subject is worthy of serious attention. While an instance of deliberate suicide under the influence of sound and rational Christianity cannot be found, how many are committed through the belief of non-existence, or happy existence after death! And how powerful, if not rational, must be the temptation to one whose life has become a burden to him in this world, and who believes that nothing is wanting to the enjoyment of consummate felicity, but to despatch himself in a moment to the next! When the Universalists shall have paid more attention to this subject themselves, they will be less ready to reproach him as a calumniator who dares to mention it.

It remains that I inform you, that having come to my sixth number, in which I proposed to notice your method of treating the controversy, I have written a review of your reply to my first letter, and find that it will require four pages of the Magazine to print it. Whether the others will be longer or shorter I cannot tell. And when I shall get time to finish the review I cannot tell; but as the work will be longer than I at first thought, and as I must soon leave my present field of labor for a new one, it may be several months before I can get through with it. If you will publish it on the original plan of two pages a month, you shall have it as soon as I can get time to write it; if not, this number will close my present correspondence with you.

Extract from Carter's Letters.

VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

On reaching the top at about 6 o'clock in the morning, we for a time abandoned all hope of being adequately compensated for our toil, so far as it regarded a prospect. The crater was entirely filled with thick clouds, mingled with smoke, tumbling in broken volumes over the verge, and hanging in wreaths about the black crags. It was impossible for the eye to penetrate ten feet into the abyss, and the imagination was left to fathom its gloomy depths. Here we were involved in mist, and without cloaks. Great difficulty was experienced in persuading the guide to wait an hour, with the hope of a change of weather. At length he consented, and finding a warm place, under the rocks near one of the *apartures*, he stretched himself out upon the cinders, and finished his interrupted slumbers; while we amused ourselves in throwing stones into the *apertures*, to hear them rumble in the caverns below. The vapor rising out of these crevices exactly resembles that issuing from a hot chimney or brick-oven, and the hand is as soon scorched in coming in contact with it. A low, heavy, sullen sound of the subterranean furnaces is heard, though less distinctly than at the *Solfatara*.

After a sleepless night and the fatigues of the morning, nothing but intense curiosity kept us from following the example of our guide, and patience was nearly exhausted, when casting my eye towards the crater, I perceived a change in the aspect of the clouds.—More in the abyss became every moment visible.—The dark, ragged rocks forming the circumference, and shooting up into rude slender peaks, were developed one by one, till glimpses of the very bottom, at the depth of fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, alternately appeared and vanished. Soon the disk of the sun was seen through the mist, "shorn of his beams." On turning to the outward verge of the crater, a scene was witnessed which wholly baffles description. The cloud had by this time become a thin, semi-transparent vapor, shifting every instant by gentle currents of air, and as often varying the objects around us. With the suddenness of a flash of lightning in the night, the blue skies with fleecy clouds reposing on the horizon, the whole bay of Naples, its azure waters, its island, its white sails, the splendid circle of towns, and the green shores, spread like enchantment beneath the eye—and then a curtain of mist swept by, involving all in utter obscurity, till the veil was again lifted by the winds. The feelings involuntarily sought relief in rapturous applause; and even Salvadore clasped his hands with as much enthusiasm, as he would manifest at the exhibition of some grand spectacle in the theatre of San Carlo. In extent, grandeur, and picturesque beauty, the scenery far transcended the most splendid conceptions of the imagination. While standing with my back to the sun, my shadow was distinctly thrown several times upon a volume of cloud in front, with two perfect and vivid concentric circles of rainbows three or four feet in diameter surrounding my head—a phenomenon entirely new to me.

At last every vestige of the vapor disappeared and left us in the full blaze of day. The crater was seen to the best advantage. It is about four miles in circumference, and in shape nearly circular. The brim is broken into deep rugged notches, fifty or a hundred feet deep, and bordered by the splintered fragments of the mountain, impending in rude crags over the abyss. This belt of rocks, exhibiting a frightful image of ruin, extends about one third of the way down, and thence commences a region of loose cinders, sand and ashes, sloping with a steep declivity to the bottom.—Pieces of the cliff are every moment dropping to the depths below, breaking the profound silence of the hill, and producing the most dreary sound imaginable. In the very apex of the inverted cone, there appeared to be a bed of solid rock or lava, filled with water, which reflected the rays of the sun with such intensity, that it was at first mistaken for some glittering mineral. Along the sides of the crater the smoke rises, in a hundred different places, ascending in most cases gently, as if proceeding from smothered fires, and curling in wreaths round the projecting crags. The guide stated, that an unusual quantity was emitted on the day of our visit, owing to the prevalence of a southern wind.

It seems to be the general opinion, that the volcano is in its old age and that its combustible materials are nearly exhausted. So thought the inhabitants of Herculaneum and Pompeii, whose streets were paved with lava thrown out centuries before, and who were lulled into a fatal security by a temporary repose of the elements. Since that period not less than forty eruptions have taken place, covering all sides of the mountain with a mass of ruins, which would make a hill twice the size of the cone, and which prove that the torments ejected, must come from great depths in the earth. Incredible stories are told of the height to which the showers of fire and cinders are elevated, and of the distance to which they extend. Egypt, Syria, and Constantinople are said to have witnessed a rain of ashes during some of the eruptions, and the column is supposed to have ascended to the upper regions of the atmosphere, thirty or forty miles from the earth. Such tales are contrary to all the calculations of projectiles, and outrage belief. The last eruption occurred in 1822, when about 800 feet of the top of the hill was taken off. Torrents of lava, twenty feet in depth, rolled about half way down the mountain, in the direction of the villages, lining the shore, the inhabitants of which were in a state of the utmost terror, expecting to realize the fate of Herculaneum and Pompeii. It rained ashes for several days in the streets of Naples, and the air was so thick as to render candles necessary at noon day.

The indications of a convulsion by a long course of observation have been clearly ascertained. Unusual quantities of smoke of a darker complexion than usual, rise in the form of a wide spreading tree, the top of which reaches to heaven, and the column extending some times twenty miles in diameter. The waters of the bay retreat from the strand, as if absorbed into subterranean gulls, to be emitted from the crater. A tremor is felt in the earth. These signs continue for a day or two, giving the populous district at the foot of the mountain warning of the impending calamity. In 1822 the people clung to their property, their little all to the last, and the police were obliged to tear them away. Thieves, disguised in female attire, seized the opportunity of plundering amidst the scene of confusion.

I walked about one third of the way round the crater, and should have completed the circuit, had not another cloud dashed against the mountain, and again involved us in mist.—N. Y. Statesman.

AWFUL INSTANCE OF SUDDEN DEATH.

R. M.—was a carpenter, residing in a parish in the western part of the county of Norfolk. He had grown old in sin; having been permitted by the forbearance of the Almighty, to attain to the age of three score years and upwards; but the goodness of God did not lead him to repentance; and his life and conversation too plainly evinced that he "had not the fear of God before his eyes."

It was his constant practice, when his week's work was ended, to repair to the public-house in the village, where he was constantly "added drunkenness to lust." His language was of a nature so horrible, and his impressions so terrifying, that even his pot companions used to reproach him for his blasphemy. This, however, had no other effect than that of provoking him to more daring wickedness, and exciting him to utter still more dreadful and unexampled oaths. So appalling was this poor wretch's blasphemous utterance, that the master of the public-house declared, neither he nor his customers could endure to be in the house with him, and threatened to take account of his profane curses and blasphemous impressions, in order that the magistrates might inflict on him the penalty enacted against such offenders.

The Sabbath he spent with no more thought than the beasts that perish. As if he had been utterly unconscious that he had a soul to be saved, he usually reckoned to the public-house on this holy day. But the hand of Providence was at length uplifted to stop his mad career.

On Tuesday, the 19th day of September, 1826, he was pursuing his occupation in a comparatively sober condition. He was engaged at work in a saw-pit, and

first number of the
published at Cincinnati,
published in two more
volumes, after which the
author numbers of about
the first part contains
original essays, eight
by the conductor, the Re-
viewer known to the re-
ading public as an in-
teresting works, a
series of town, having re-
ceived Mr. Fitt's presen-
tation of Cincinnati his per-

POETS' DEPARTMENT.

From the Philadelphia.
Verses occasioned by reading Gordon Hall's last appeal for the Heavens.

A voice—a voice—from the land of death,
Unheard by the day-beam, reviv'd by no breath;
A voice—a voice—it breaks from that gloom,
Appealing to men ere 'tis hush'd in the tomb.

A voice!—it comes on the pestilent gale
From Juggernaut's slain,—with the Sutee's wail,
With the mother's shriek, with the innocent sigh
Of babes, in their martyrdom, mingles that cry.

A voice to the Church!—from your slumbers awake,
The maddening spell of cruelty break;
The mighty have risen with buckler and sword,
Speedily send to the help of the Lord.

A voice to the young men!—hear ye that call?
Do ye gird for the battle and fear ye to fall?
By that path to their crowns your brothers trod,
March ye where beckon the banners of God.

A voice to the old men!—speed ye the prayer,
That these on the deep may benisons share;
O, bravely the mission ship walks on the wave,
When the Suller of waters is high to save.

A voice to the living! it comes from the dead—
By the prayers they have uttered, the tears they have shed
By their nights of sighs and days of toil,
To win of the heathen for Jesus a spoil.

By the stillness that lingers round their graves,
Where the beautiful palm in verdure waves,
By the tear to their ashes the convert hath given,
By the soul of that saved one—a gem of heaven—

It calls ye, invites—demands ye, and know,
'Tis peril to linger—O fear not to go
Where dangers wait, where deliverance is nigh,
To death—to your songs and your harps in the sky!

From the Ladies Literary Casket.
DESOLATION OF TYRE.

It shall be a place for the spreading of nets, in the midst of the sea.—Isaiah.

High on the rock-embattled steep
That braved the storm and flood,
Proud mistress of the foaming deep,
The queen of traffic stood:

Damascus, Syria, and the isles
Enrich'd her gath'ring store;
The ships of Tarshish bore their spoils,
And Ophir gave the ore.

In broiler'd robes her virgins shone,
And kings confess'd her sway;
The costliest odours were her own,
The nations were her prey;

Beautiful were her graces all,
Yea, of that city's praise
The minstrel sang in bower and hall,
And strangers came to gaze.

Dim are her glories—gone her fame,
Her boasted wealth has fled;
On her proud rock, alas! her shame,
The fisher's net is spread;

The Tyrian harp hath slumber'd long;
And Tyria's mirth is low,
The timbrel, dulcimer and song
Are hush'd, or wake to woe!

CHANTRY'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON
BY MRS. HEMANS.

Yes! rear thy guardian Hero's form,
On thy proud soil, thou Western World!
A watcher through each sign of storm,
O'er freedom's flag unfurl'd.

There, as before a shrine to bow,
Bid thy true sons their children lead;
—The language of that noble brow
For all things good shall plead.

The spirit rear'd in patriot fight,
The virtue born of home and hearth,
There calmly throned, a holy light
Shall pour o'er chainless earth.

And let that work of England's hand,
Sent through the blasts and surges' roar,
So girt with tranquil glory, stand
For ages on thy shore!

Such through all time the greetings be,
That with the Atlantic billows sweep!
Telling the mighty and the free
Of brothers o'er the deep!

MINISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

A WORD TO MINISTERS.

When you go into a neighborhood or village, be sure to visit the sick; for if they are professors of religion they will expect this, as they know it to be a minister's duty, as well as that of private Christians, and they are generally more willing to receive religious instruction when sick than when in health. It is very discouraging indeed when persons are confined and deprived of all religious privileges if Christians, particularly ministers, neglect to visit them. Be sure to visit and tarry with all your denomination, if possible; if not, be sure to spend a suitable portion of your visiting time with them without respect to age or wealth—as those to whom you do not pay attention will think, if they are poor, that they are neglected, and that were they as rich as such a brother, they should be visited. When they compare this with their Saviour's practice, who went about doing good to the souls and bodies of men even the poor and destitute, they feel a hardness which very much weakens a minister's influence with them.

Be sure and visit Christians of other denominations; for if you do not, it will operate against Christian union, which ought to be sought and cultivated by all who profess Christianity. Be sure and visit those who make no profession of religion. If you do not, they will say, our Saviour visited sinners; and if you are his ministers, you will follow his example. A word to the wise is sufficient.

A FAITHFUL MINISTER.

The Rev. Mr. Grimshaw, minister of Haworth in Yorkshire, England, was a remarkable example of ministerial fidelity. In an account of his life, the Rev. John Newton says,

"The last time I was with him, as we were standing upon a hill near Haworth, and surveying the romantic prospect around us, he expressed himself to the following purport, and I believe I retain his very words, for they made a deep impression on me while he spoke. 'When I first came into this country, I had gone half a day's journey on horseback towards the east, west, north, and south, I could not meet with or hear of one truly pious person—and now, through the blessing of God upon the poor services of the most unworthy of his ministers, besides a considerable number of whom I have seen or known to have departed this life like Simon, rejoicing in the Lord's salvation; and besides five dissenting churches or congregations, of which the ministers, and nearly every one of the members, were first

awakened under my ministry; I have still at my sacraments, according to the weather, from three hundred to five hundred communicants, of the far greater part of whom, so far as man can know the heart (and can therefore only determine by appearances, profession, and conduct) as I can of myself. I know the state of their progress in religion. By my frequent visits and converse with them, I am acquainted with their several temptations, trials, and exercises, both spiritual and temporal, almost as intimately as if I had lived in their families.' A stranger who had stood upon the same spot, whence he could see little but barren mountains and moors, would scarcely think this declaration credible. But I knew the man well, and of all the men I ever knew, I can think of no one who was less suspected of boasting than Mr. Grimshaw.

A SUITABLE TEXT.

In the year 1805, Dec. 5th, a sermon was preached by the Rev. John Evans, at Worship street, (which he afterwards published,) on the destruction of the combined fleets of France and Spain. The worthy preacher's text was really appropriate; it was from Revelations viii. 9. And the third part of the ships were destroyed.

An aged minister on horseback, with several other ministers, said, Brethren, we must be nearer together, or farther apart, for we spatter each other. This is precisely the case with some professors of Christianity.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel hath told,
When two are linked in one heavenly tie;
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ill and love on till they die!
One hour of passion so sacred, is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh, if there be an Elysian on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Moore.

One window, opening down to the ground, showed the interior of a very small parlor, plainly and modestly furnished, but panelled all round with well-filled book cases. A lady's harp stood in one corner, and in another, two fine globes and an orrery. Some small flower baskets, filled with roses, were dispersed about the room; and at a table near the window, sat a gentleman writing, or rather leaning over a writing desk, with a pen in his hand, for his eyes were directed towards the gravel walk before the window, where a lady (an elegant looking woman, whose plain white robe and dark uncovered hair, well became the sweet, matronly expression of her face and figure) was anxiously stretching out her encouraging arms to her little daughter, who came laughing and tottering towards her on the soft green turf; her tiny feet as they essayed their first independent steps, in the eventful walks of life, twisting and twining with graceful awkwardness, and unsteady pressure, under the disproportionate weight of her chubby person. It was a sweet, heart-thrilling sound, the joyous, crowning laugh of that creature, when with one last, bold, mighty effort, she reached the maternal arms, and was caught up to the maternal bosom, and half devoured with kisses, in an ecstasy of unspeakable love. As if provoked to emulous loudness by that mirthful outcry, and impatient to mingle its clear notes with that young innocent voice, a blackbird, embowered in a tall neighboring bay tree, poured out forthwith such a flood of full, rich melody, as stilled the baby's laugh, and for a moment arrested its observant ear. But for a moment. The kindred nature burst out into a full chorus; the baby clasped her hands and laughed, and, after her fashion, mocked the unseen songstress. The bird redoubled her tuneful efforts, and still the baby laughed, and still the bird rejoined; and both together raised such a melodious din, that the echoes of the old church rang again; and never since the contest of the nightingale, with her human rival, was heard such an emulous conflict of human skill. I could have laughed for company, from my unseen lurking place within the dark shadow of the church buttresses. It was altogether such a scene as I shall never forget, one from which I could hardly tear myself away. Nay, I did not; I stood motionless as a statue in my dark gray nich, till the objects before me became indistinct in twilight—till the last slanting sunbeams had withdrawn from the highest panes of the church window, till the blackbird's song was hushed—till the baby's voice was still—till the mother and her nursing lad retreated into their quiet dwelling, and the evening taper gleamed through the fallen white curtain and still open window.

But yet before that curtain fell, another act of the beautiful pantomime had passed in review before me. The mother with her infant in her arms had seated herself in a low chair, within the little parlor. She untied the frock strings, drew off that, and the second upper garments; dexterously and at intervals, as the restless frolics of the still unwearied baby afforded opportunity; and then it was in its little coat and stays, the plump white shoulders shrugged up in antic merriment, far above the slackened shoulder-straps. Then the mother's hand slipped off one red shoe, and having done so, her lips were pressed, almost as it seemed involuntarily, to the little naked foot she still held. The other, as if in proud love of liberty, had spurned off to a distance the fellow shoe; and now the darling, disarrayed for its innocent slumbers, garments in the same clasp with the half naked babe, she held it smiling to its father, and one saw in the expression of his face, as he upraised it, after having imprinted a kiss on that of his child—one saw in it all the holy fervor of a father's blessing.

Then the mother withdrew her little one, and then the curtain fell, and still I lingered, for after the interval of a few minutes, sweet sounds arrested my departing footsteps; a few notes of the harp, a low prelude stole sweetly out, a voice still sweeter, mingling its tones with a soft quiet accompaniment swelled out gradually into a strain of sacred harmony, and the words of the evening hymn came wafted towards the house of prayer. Then all was still in the cottage and around it. The perfect silence, and the deepening shadows, brought to my mind more forcibly the lateness of the hour, and warned me to turn my face homewards. So I moved a few steps, and yet again I was shining out in the clear cloudless heaven; and the bright reflection of one danced and glimmered like a liquid fire-fly on the ripple of the stream, just where it glided into a dark deeper pool, beneath a little rustic bridge, which led from where I stood into a shady green lane, communicating with the neighboring hamlet.—Blackwood's Mag.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

ON THE DUTY OF FEMALES WITH REGARD TO THE PROMOTION OF TEMPERANCE.

The moral influence of females is justly acknowledged, by almost all classes of the community. How necessary, then, that such an influence should be exerted in diffusing religious and moral precepts in the minds of men, especially those just entering upon the cares and business of a world of dissipation. There is no vice common amongst men, which may not be abolished by the timely interference of virtuous females. Woman was formed to adorn and humanize

man, to soothe his cares, and strew his path with flowers.

The vice which I now would recommend to the consideration of females, is intemperance;—that vice by which so many families are ruined, and so many men, women, and children brought to a shameful death. What female can look upon the misery, the wretchedness, and the ruin of a great many families, and remain unconcerned about the rising generation, while she might, by forbidding the company of those who partake of the "social glass," hinder the further growth of the evil? What female can look forward to the time when she shall be surrounded, probably, by a large family, and not consider the necessity of cherishing a partner who will at once render the conjugal state, a state of happiness and felicity?

Intemperance is a vice which calls for all the energy and exertions of the female sex. It is that vice, which, above all others, except gambling, which is next akin, all females ought to discountenance in those with whom they are acquainted. Young men, in general, are very apt to partake of the intoxicating bowl, through the influence of their comrades, and are led to return the compliment, which increases their desire for drink. Thus they are carried, from one step to another, till, at length, they are drunkards. Let females inquire into the character of those with whom they associate, and then, by gentle and cautious reproof, remind them of the dangerous steps they are taking, and, if they do not reform, forbid their visits any longer. This would be a means of putting a stop to this growing evil, and render the state of society more tranquil and happy.

Let us take a view of the various steps by which young men are led to this ruin. The young man first begins to form acquaintance in the world. Probably those with whom he associates are dissipated. They induce him to drink, to gamble; and, at length, he arrives at that state of dissipation, in which a desire for ardent spirits is nourished, and he, fearful of being called a coward, returns the cup to those who gave it to him. He forms an acquaintance with females; sees it is not forbidden by them; goes to greater lengths in drinking; and yet no friendly caution from them is offered. Behold him drunk! It might have been hindered by the timely interference of those females with whom he associated, if they had had any respect for their own or his character. Their influence might have been exerted to the advantage of the young man, and he saved from the road he had taken. He probably marries. Look at his family! What wretched, forlorn, miserable, despised creatures! He returns home intoxicated; threatens and beats his wife and children! No arm to save them from the inhuman blows of the drunkard! Behold his wife in despair, sitting down to weep, whom he had sworn to protect, and his offspring mingling their tears with hers! Fame, pestilence, and poverty are the inhabitants of his dwelling. The vows he had taken at the Hymeneal altar, are broken; he no longer regards the partner of his sorrows as worthy of support. His only concern is rum! His children are ragged, his household helpless, and he, a vagabond and outcast of society; the concern of his soul has no place in his thoughts. He dies! The wretched victim of intemperance departs to an unknown world. His soul, his immortal soul, appears at the dread tribunal of Jehovah to receive its unalterable doom! But enough. What female can fancy to herself the horrors of such a state, and not exert the influence she possesses to the suppression of such a contemptible vice? Can it be that they will allow their companions to drink, when it is attended with such awful consequences? No; God forbid. Rather let them abstain entirely from their company, than to suffer their associates to partake, even in small quantities, of ardent spirits.

To females is given an influence, which, if rightly exerted, will greatly benefit the moral condition of men. Young men frequently go to great lengths to obtain the affections of the sex. No danger appears too great, no path too untried, no obstacle too appalling—in short, there is nothing which they will not surmount—that they may increase the pleasure and gratification of the fair. Early attentions are recommended by the wise and the learned. Why, then, will not females endeavor to inculcate, in young men those principles which are so necessary to the peace, the happiness, and the prosperity of the social circle? I have often seen (and I regret to say it) females countenance those very vices which they so much abhor: thinking, probably, that, to partake temperately, is no reason they should ever arrive to so degrading a state. The fact is, they have too good an opinion of young men, to entertain such a thought. Alas! how many times that opinion has been prostrated! Have they not seen sufficient proofs of the folly of those opinions, to discountenance altogether the use of them? If they have not, let them look at the great mass of drunkards and see the effects of indulging, occasionally, in the use of ardent spirits when they were young and healthy! Let them observe the beginning of the drunkard's career, and see how many of them arrive to that state only by the occasional use of liquor when they were young, and in company with those who never gave them a friendly caution! Will they not then try to abolish the custom among their acquaintances? Will they still suffer them to go on, and not use their influence to extinguish it? Have they not compassion enough for the character, the honor, and the reputation of their companions, to caution, reprove, and advise them to suppress it? Have they not a more exalted opinion of their own character, than to associate with those, who approve of an occasional glass, if they do not reform? If they have not, God grant they have before it is too late. I do not make these remarks to induce females to abandon altogether the company of those who drink, but to induce them to exert their influence in inculcating and cherishing those precepts of moral rectitude and virtue, which are so essential to the preservation of the health, the strength, and the prosperity of the community at large. I leave you, with these reflections, to consider on the dreadful consequences of indulging, in a small degree, in spirituous liquors, and the necessity of your endeavoring to diminish the evil in those with whom you associate.

May your exertions, in connexion with those of the society for the same generous purpose, be crowned with the blessings of Heaven, and you see the day when intemperance shall cease to exist, and our country freed from the operations of this slow, though sure, prime minister of death.

Boston, May 13th, 1827.

FEMALES IN ITALY.

The country was all in bloom, and the flowery plains exhibited a gayety of landscape, which can hardly be conceived in less sunny climes. But the inhabitants are miserable, and know not how to appreciate or improve the munificence of nature. We actually saw females harnessed like cattle to the plough, and dragging it through the light soil, while a man was lounging in the furrow, guiding the share! Woman, poor woman, is here emphatically degraded into the drudge of burdens she is often compelled to bear. There is no affection nor sentimentality in this. It is plain downright matter of fact, which stares the traveller in the face, at every step of his progress through Italy.—Carter's letters.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

CHILDREN.

The moral branches of education can never be successfully taught without the aid of example. Example has, in a great measure, the same influence upon every other part of education. Children do little, besides imitating others. Parents who read, will have reading children. Industrious parents will have industrious children. Lying parents will have lying children. Every child should be taught to pay all his debts, and fulfil all his contracts, exactly in the manner, com-

pletely in the value, and punctually at the time. Every child should be discouraged from the propensity to make bargains, so early, so strongly, and so universally visible. He should be discouraged, also, from every wish to make what is called a good bargain; the common source of all cheating; and should be taught that he is bound to render an equivalent for what he receives. Every bargain disadvantageous to himself, he should scrupulously fulfil. Every thing, which he has borrowed, he should be obliged to return, uninjured, at the time; and every thing belonging to others, which he has lost, he should be required to replace. The minds of children may easily be rendered kind by a wise cultivation; and by the want of it, will easily become unfeeling and cruel. Children should be taught, the first moment they are capable of being taught, a lively tenderness for the feelings, the sufferings and the happiness of all beings (serpents or reptiles not excepted) with whom they are conversant. Every child should be invariably instructed to exercise kindness toward animals, and to shun cruelty, even to an insect.—Doyle's Theology.

FROM WESTER'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

READING.

In selecting books for reading, be careful, to choose such as furnish the best helps to improvement in morals, literature, arts, and sciences; preferring profit to pleasure, and instruction to amusement. A small portion of time may be devoted to such reading as tends to relax the mind, and to such bodily amusements as serve to invigorate muscular strength and the vital functions. But the greatest part of life is to be employed in useful labors, in various indispensable duties, private, social, and public. Man has but little time to spare for the gratification of the senses and the imagination. I would therefore caution you against the fascination of plays, novels, romances, and that species of descriptive writing which is employed to embellish common objects, without much enlarging the bounds of knowledge, or to paint imaginary scenes, which only excite curiosity, and a temporary interest; and then vanish into thin air.

The readers of books may be comprehended in two classes—those who read chiefly for amusement, and those who read for instruction. The first, and far the most numerous class, give their money and their time for private gratification; the second employ both for the acquisition of knowledge which they expect to apply to some useful purpose. The first, gain subjects of conversation and social entertainment; the second, acquire the means of public usefulness and of private elevation of character. The readers of the first class are so numerous, and the thirst for novelty so insatiable, that the country must be deluged with tales and fiction; and if you suffer yourself to be hurried along with the current of popular reading, not only your time, but your mind will be dissipated; your native faculties, instead of growing into masculine vigor, will languish into imbecility. Bacon and Newton did not read tales and novels; their great minds were nourished with very different aliment.

SAILORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE SAILOR'S FUNERAL.

The following is extracted from the manuscript Journal of a sailor, who served on board his Majesty's frigate Crescent, but died lately at Ravenna:

We had cruised for days off Cape Formosa, and death had begun his ravages. A sickly languor prevailed among our men—their usual lightness of heart and vivacity seemed to have fled from them, they sat in groups on the fore-castle, smoking in silence, or listening to the narrative of deaths on board of other vessels, which had been on the same station. We endeavored to divert their melancholy by different amusements, but it would not do; the number of our sick was increasing, and the low muttered inquiries after the dying, were always accompanied by an involuntary shudder. We committed, in one night, two to the waves; but as they had been ill ever since we had left Annapolis, we paid not so much attention. The gun-room had always been healthy, but on the Sabbath morning (it was our first Sabbath on the coast of Africa) poor Bury complained of headache and dizziness—his fair face had already turned sallow; and when he expressed his determination of retiring to his hammock, there was a settled gloom on every countenance. I remember, as the event of yesterday, when he came on board at Portsmouth. He had just completed his eighteenth year: his heart was light, and his hopes were high; and when he stepped on the quarterdeck in his uniform, I am sure there was not a finer fellow in all his Majesty's service. How affectionately his aged father had him far-well—the tears stood in the old man's eyes, as he said, "James, I know that you will not forget your duty to man, forget not your duty to God." They will never meet! I went to ask him how he felt, but he knew me not; his eyes were wild; his reason was eclipsed: the sun was setting, and the night had a most ominous appearance. I went to see him again, but his eyes were closed—the struggle was over—his spirit had fled to God, who gave it! Few preparations can be made for a funeral on board of a ship. The bell tolled; and there was not a sailor who was not on deck, save those who heard the sound as the warning that the same bell would soon toll to assemble their comrades to commit to the sea their remains. The night was dark and lowering; yet the lightning, which flashed vividly across the vessel showed every object most clearly; a paleness and stillness was seated on the faces of the crew, and many a wishful look was cast towards the gangway, in mournful anticipation of the corpse. "I am the resurrection and the life!" There was a shrill went through every heart as these words were uttered; a shuddering hysterical sort of sigh was the response. Enclosed in his hammock, his corpse was laid on the grating. The thunder burst loud over our heads, yet seemed as if it had not been heard. The service proceeded—I heard a splash in the water!—I could contain myself no longer—I rushed into the gun room. There is a moment when this world seems little, and its joys transitory bubbles; there is a moment when the soul feels itself afforded to objects more sublime than nature can afford; there is a moment when all the treasured sophistry of the past life, and all the infidel cavillings which have hampered our energies, vanish like cobwebs before the breath of the wind, and the soul asserts its claim to a nobler sphere; and that moment is when we retire from the world and follow a dear departed friend—not to the untrodden floor of the ocean—not to the darkness of the grave—but whither? ay to the glories of Heaven!—And the heart beats highest, yet soundest, when we feel assured, that, ransomed by a Saviour's blood, "he walks in white robes, and celebrates in never-dying strains, the praises of his Redeemer, God."

OBITUARY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Died of consumption, at Columbia, N. H. April 28, Mrs. POLLY A. ROGERS, wife of Mr. Daniel Rogers, and daughter of Mr. Richard Morse, aged 28. She was brought up by her uncle at Northfield, where, at the age of seventeen, she became the subject of converting grace through the instrumentality of the Rev. Daniel Kilburn. She joined the Methodist church in piety until the day of her death. She was greatly beloved;—she is much lamented. Some more than four years disease had preyed upon her earthly house, yet she bore the same with all the patience and fortitude of a disciple of Christ. She endured as seeing him who is invisible.

Some weeks before her death her distress of body greatly increased, yet she would speak of it as being nothing in comparison to what her Saviour suffered in accomplishing the work of salvation; and that all her sufferings were not worthy to be compared with the glory that would shortly be revealed. She desired her

friends to give her up and weep not, saying that she had no more to do with any thing on earth—that her husband and little daughter were nothing to her; her time was come and her desire was to depart and be with Christ.

About an hour before her departure, she told her companion that she had done about all for her that she could do; that she was going and he would soon follow. She lay quite easy for a short time and was then seized with the pangs of death. She requested her husband to put up in her behalf; her bodily distress seemed to abate; she raised her eyes—clapped her hands and in a feeble whisper, uttered, "peace." She felt that her beloved sister and, as we trust, she has entered the mansions of bliss, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

I was called to attend her funeral on the Monday following her death, and truly it was a solemn yet a joyful season. To hear brother Rogers converse with her, and mine acquaintance into darkness. This is the Martha and Mary going to weep at the grave of Lazarus and the Jews and also Jesus wept with them. It may I weep. Sleep on, happy dust, and take thy rest until the morning of the resurrection. O, may all who give religion to be prepared to die. O, may all who are in time and prepare for a never ending and joyful eternity.

CHESTER W. LEVINGS.

Columbia, N. H. May 7, 1827.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Died, in Lynn, the 27th ult. Mr. SUTCLIFFE, a young man, aged 20. In noticing the demise of this young man, something more than a passing observation is due to his memory. As it is the duty of the living to remember the virtues which have adorned the dead, while in life, we cannot refrain from making a few remarks on the excellences that distinguished our departed friend. The characters of the great are often portrayed without a strict regard to the original, while the names of the good and deserving have passed unnoticed to the shades of oblivion! He, to whose memory this obituary is consecrated as a humble tribute, possessed genius as well as virtue. To an amiable disposition was added a vigorous and penetrating mind, which he cultivated with studious assiduity. His application to study during his hours of relaxation from his daily avocation was probably the cause of the disease that terminated his life. He has fallen in the bloom of youth.

"Oh who can gaze, with heedless sigh,
Nipp'd by untimely frost."

In his death his acquaintances have lost a strong and agreeable companion; and the family circle an endearing member. He has left an unsullied character and a reputation for integrity which will endure his memory in their hearts. His virtues have been his many friends in life, and he was blessed with the friendship of God and his Redeemer in death. His sickness, which was a scene of protracted suffering, manifested the greatest resignation to the will of God; and died in a well grounded hope of his immortal life.

"Oh who can gaze, with heedless sigh,
Nipp'd by untimely frost."
Who but exclaims—"thus let me die
And be my end like his!"

THE GATHERER.

AVARICE PUNISHED.

Monsieur FOSQUE, one of the farmers general of Languedoc, by grinding the faces of the poor with his province, had amassed an immense sum of money, which being known to the government, he was ordered to raise a considerable sum. But not being willing to comply with this demand, he fled to the mountains, and lest the inhabitants of the province should give information to the contrary, he resolved to hide his treasure in such a manner as to escape the most rigid examination. He dug a tunnel of earth, a cellar, so large and deep that he could go down by a ladder. At the entrance was a door with a spring lock, which on shutting would fasten of itself. One day Monsieur Fosque was missing—diligent research was made after him every where, but to no purpose; at last the house was sold. The purchaser began to rebuild it, discovered a door in the cellar, and entering found Mr. Fosque lying dead with a cord round his neck near him, and on searching, they found the treasure which he had amassed. The purchaser proposed that he had gone down into the cave, and was killed by some accident shutting after him, he was heard of hearing of any person, and perished for want of food. He had eaten the candle, and gnawed the flesh of his arms. Thus died this miser, in the midst of his gold, to the scandal of himself and the prejudice of his state.

Bonaparte's Economy.—Napoleon, in the month of his glory, had his stockings darned and even his shoes were mended. We have in our possession his tailor's and bonnet-maker's bills: there are charges for new cuffs and collar, for soleing and heeling his boots.—London paper.

Some years since, Judge —, of Rhode Island, received a challenge from Gen. —, of which he took no notice. Soon after, he met the challenger in a public company, and the following dialogue ensued between them:

General—Did you receive my note, sir?
Judge—Yes, sir.
General—Well, sir, do you intend to fight me?
Judge—No, sir.
General—Then, sir, I shall consider you a coward.

Judge—Right, sir; you know that very well, and would never have challenged me.

Gauging.—The most justifiable act of this kind which we have heard of, is the following: A Kentuckian belonging to a surveying party, under an officer named S. Engineers, swimming in St. Johns River was seized by a large alligator and taken under the water. A short time the Kentuckian and the alligator were on the surface, the latter having the right leg of the former in his mouth, and the former having his right eye in the eyes of his antagonist. The officer immediately gave orders to his party, who were in a boat, to go to the rescue, and to the relief of the comrade, but the Kentuckian peremptorily refused any interference, saying, "give the fellow fair play. It is needless to add that the gouter obtained complete victory. Having taken out one of the eyes of his adversary, the latter, in order to save his eye, relinquished his hold on the Kentuckian, who returned to the shore triumph.—Morn. Chron.

A writer in the Boston Galaxy says, "I have known women so delicate, that they were afraid to sit, for fear the horse might run away; afraid to stand, for fear the boat might upset; afraid to walk, for fear the horse might fall; but I never saw one afraid to be married!"

Seasonable Indulgence.—In an advertisement of a young gentleman who left his parents, it is stated, "if master Jacky will return to his disconsolate parents he shall no more be put upon by his sisters, but shall be allowed to sweeten his own tea."

Algernon Sydney.—When Algernon Sydney lay his head on the block, the executioner asked him, "what was the custom was in such cases," whether he desired to be executed again? The intrepid patriot replied, "Not until I have been resurrected—strike me."